

C. 2694

# S P E E C H

OF

HON. D. W. VOORHEES,  
OF INDIANA,

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

M A R C H 9, 1864.

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"The multitude in all countries are patient to a certain point." Junius.

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## S P E E C H .

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The House being in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union—

Mr. VOORHEES said:

Mr. CHAIRMAN: I arise to address the House to-day with feelings of profound depression and gloom. It is a melancholy spectacle to behold a free government die. The world it is true is filled with the evidences of decay. All nature speaks the voice of dissolution, and the highway of history and of life is strewn with the wrecks which time, the great despoiler, has made. But hope of the future, bright visions of reviving glory are no where denied to the heart of man save as he gazes upon the downfall of legal liberty. He listens sorrowfully to the autumn winds as they sigh through dismantled forests, but he knows that their breath will be soft and vernal in the spring, and that the dead flowers and the withered foliage will blossom and bloom again. He sees the sky overcast with the angry frown of the tempest, but he knows that the sun will reappear, and the stars, the bright emblazonry of God, cannot perish. Man himself, this strange connecting link between dust and deity, totters wearily onward under the weight of years and pain towards the gaping tomb, but how briefly his mind lingers around that dismal spot. It is filled with tears and grief, and the willow and the cypress gather around it with their loving, but mournful embrace. And is this all? Not so. If a man die shall he not live again? Beyond the grave, in the distant Aiden, hope provides an elysium of the soul where the mortal assumes immortality and life becomes an endless splendor.

But where, sir, in all the dreary regions of the past, filled with convulsions, wars, and crimes, can you point your finger to the tomb of a free commonwealth on which the angel of resurrection has ever descended or from whose mouth the stone of despotism has ever been rolled away? Where, in what age and in what clime, have the ruins of constitutional freedom renewed their youth and regained their lost estate? By whose strong grip has the dead corpse of a Republic once fallen ever been raised? The merciful Master who walked upon the waters and bade the winds be still left no ordained apostles with power to wrench apart the jaws of national death and release the victims of despotism. The wail of the heart-broken over the dead is not so sad to

me as the realization of this fact. But all history, with a loud unbroken voice, proclaims it, and the evidence of what the past has been is conclusive to my mind of what the future will be. Wherever in the wide domain of human conduct a people once possessed of liberty, with all power in their own hands, have surrendered these great gifts of God at the command of the usurper they have never afterwards proven themselves worthy to regain their forfeited treasures.

Sir, let history speak on this point. Bend your ear, and listen to the solemn warnings which distant ages perpetually utter in their uneasy slumbers. Four thousand years of human experience are open and present for the study of the American people. Standing as we do the last and greatest Republic in the midst of the earth, it becomes us most deeply in this crisis of our destiny to examine well the career and the final fate of kindred governments in the past.

The principles of self-government are of ancient origin. They were not created by the authors of the American Constitution. They were adopted by those wise and gifted minds from the models of former times and applied to the wants of the American people. Far back in the gray, uncertain dawn of history, in the land of mystery and of miracles, the hand of Almighty benevolence planted the seeds of constitutional government by which life, liberty, and property were made secure. Abraham and Lot each governed his household and his herdmen by law; and although they became offended at each other, yet under the divine sanction they refrained from the pleasures of conquest, subjugation, confiscation. They divided the country before them by a primitive treaty, and the grass continued to grow for their flocks unstained by fraternal blood and uncrushed by the hoof of war. And in long after years, when the descendants of the patriarchs broke their prison doors in Egypt and lay encamped in the wilderness, the omniscient presence came down and gave them a frame-work of fundamental law in which the popular will was largely recognized. A system of jurisprudence was devised for the people of Israel which protected liberty and administered justice. Under its influence the feeble fugitives and homeless wanderers without bread and without water in the desert became an empire of wisdom, of wealth, and of power. The liberal

institutions of the Jewish theocracy produced statesmen, poets, historians, and warriors, who will continue to challenge the admiration of posterity by the splendor of their achievements as long as generations come and go on the waves of time. They lived within the immediate jurisdiction of Jehovah. They possessed the ark of the covenant and took counsel with ministering angels directly from the portals of Paradise. With all these evidences of celestial favor in their behalf, it is not to be wondered that they claimed an exemption from the changes and mutations of human affairs, and boasted that the seal of perpetuity had been impressed by the Divine hand on the pillars of their government. But public virtue became debauched; the popular heart corroded with the lust of conquest and of gain; primitive purity faded away under the baleful breath of embittered factions; the fires of patriotism were smothered by rankling hate and the thirst for revenge; and all these evil passions broke forth in the voice of a malignant majority clamoring for a king. In that hour of disastrous eclipse, the spirit of liberty took her flight forever from the hills of Judea. Thousands of years have rolled away since then. The Holy Land has been the theatre of conflicts which rocked the world as the throes of an earthquake. Genius and heroism have there blazed as stars in the Eastern skies. There, too, was enacted the sublime tragedy of redemption—that tragedy which summoned the inhabitants of all worlds as its witnesses, and filled nature with agony in all her parts. The eyes of mankind have been turned back and fixed upon those scenes of immortal interest for more than thirty centuries. But who has lifted up and restored her fallen system of liberal institutions? The people surrendered their rights, their franchises, their self-control, and welcomed the power of one man. The base act has never been reversed. As the tree fell so it lies. It died at the root. Despotism reigns undisturbed and unbroken, in darkness and in silence, where once the light and music of freedom gladdened the souls of the stately sons and dark-eyed daughters of Israel.

And leaving the land of sacred history, what similar scenes of human weakness and human folly meet us at every step in the onward pathway of time. Where now are those splendid structures which once adorned the shores of the Ægean, the Euxine, and the Mediterranean? Athens, the eye of Greece, the school of the world—has her dismal fate impressed no lesson on the thoughts of mankind? Fifteen hundred years before the birth of our Saviour, the light of civil order and civil freedom arose in the Island of Crete, and sent its rays through the vale of Tempe, the rich plains of Thessaly, over the fruitful fields of Attica and Boeotia, and hovered with an everlasting and imperishable radiance around the heads of Olympus, Helicon, and Parnassus. It is true that kings governed in those early days, but absolute power in one man was un-

known. Laws made by the people chained the licentious hand of oppression. The proudest monarchs of those warlike ages governed in obedience to the will of the legislative departments. They enacted no laws; they executed them as they found them. A house of peers and an assembly of the people shared the supreme authority and ensured safety and liberty to the citizen. Ulysses speaks of one chief "to whom Jupiter hath intrusted the sceptre and the laws, that by them he may govern." But he recognizes that these instruments of government are bestowed by the popular favor, for, when shipwrecked upon a strange coast and addressing himself as a suppliant to its queen, he says: "May the gods grant you and your guests to live happily; and may you all transmit to your children your possessions in your houses and whatsoever honors the people hath given you." But even this limited and constitutional system of monarchy was not long borne by that proud race which drank in the love of liberty from the free air of the mountains over their heads, and the breath of the restless and stormy ocean at their feet. "Those vigorous principles of Democracy which had always existed in the Grecian governments began to ferment; and, in the course of a few ages monarchy was everywhere abolished; the very name of king was very generally proscribed; a commonwealth was thought the only government to which it became men to submit; and the term tyrant was introduced to denote those who, in opposition to these new political principles, acquired monarchical sway." Then sprang into existence that wonderful cluster of republics whose memory yet fills the earth with its fragrance of noble deeds and exalted genius. Liberty hovered over that classic peninsula of Southern Europe like the angel of creation hovering over night and chaos, and from the fostering warmth of her embrace came forth an immortal world of letters, of art, of science, and of law. The Macedonian, the Spartan, the Athenian, and all lifted their heads among the stars, and barely condescended to pity and despise neighboring nations who were less free than themselves. They pointed to Marathon and Salamis, Thermopyle, and Platea, as the American points to Saratoga and Bunker Hill, Yorktown and New Orleans. They kept their festive days of national deliverance and joy as the fourth day of July and the eighth day of January have been commemorated and hallowed by us. They sounded all the depths and shoals of honor; drank deep draughts from the very fountains of freedom; achieved immortality in every department of human thought and action. And yet, with their cup full of glory for more than a thousand years, sparkling to the brim with rights and privileges more sweet to their taste than the honey of Hymettus, they dashed it to the earth, and its shattered fragments remain as they fell. The lust of power on the part of public rulers, and the luxury, sloth,

and indifference of the people, nursed so long in the lap of prosperity that they allowed the usurper to march on in his lawless career unchallenged and unquestioned, worked the overthrow of the Republics of Greece. And what traveller, standing upon those blighted and withered plains, has beheld a sign of resurrection for more than two thousand years? Now and then, it is true, a murmur or a groan has disturbed the deadly sleep in which that land is embraced, but it only shows that she dreams of the past, not that she will awake to the future. Her birthright was abandoned by her own sordid hand, and it cannot be reclaimed. A petty power of Northern Europe now gives a king to the countrymen of Homer, Themistocles, and Solon.

But, sir, another name more prominent than all others, presents itself to the student of antiquity in this connection. Roman history stands out upon the canvas of time as plainly marked as the events of modern ages. We see Tarquin, the Proud, expelled from his throne, and the foundations of the commonwealth laid five hundred years before the Christian era. For the next five centuries we behold a race of men who "would have brooked the eternal devil to keep his state in Rome, as easily as a king."

How fondly the devotee of liberty dwells upon that period! With what grandeur the names of the mighty dead, and the sublime creations of their genius, arise to our view! In what does the boasted civilization of the present surpass the achievements of a race and an age to whom the revelations of God were unknown? Who has spoken as Cicero spoke? What historian has guided a pen so full of majesty and of beauty as that which inscribed the annals of Tacitus? Whose muse has winged a loftier flight or sung a nobler strain than Virgil's? In arms too, what warriors have improved upon the skill and magnificence of Scipio and Cæsar? But it was still more in the dignity and freedom of her private citizens that Rome was great than in the renown of her most illustrious leaders, statesmen, and orators. Kings of powerful nations bowed their uncovered heads before the Roman people. The magistrates, consuls, and military commanders paid homage and obedience directly to the public will. The sovereignty of the people was absolute. The principles of self-government were never in the history of nations more fully or clearly displayed. Jurisprudence became an enlightened science, from whose pages a light extends to the present hour, and under whose guardian protection the humblest citizen of Rome was secure in every right declared unalienable by the declaration of American independence. But why linger upon the well-known story of Roman liberty and Roman greatness. I use it but to illustrate. The melancholy conclusion came. As the son of the morning fell from Heaven, so Rome fell from the luminous sphere of liberty never to hope again. The world grew dark

as her light faded away, and ten centuries of gloom succeeded her downfall. And why perished this mistress of the earth? Not because the vandal ravaged her borders: not because the Gaul burned to avenge the victims of Cæsar: not because the Goth beat her gates to pieces; but because her people submitted to the encroachments of executive authority, lulled by the Syren voice of a false security, until at last they awakened to find their chains and manacles forged and fastened. Their links yet fester in the flesh of the descendants of Brutus, and their clankings may yet be heard in the forum where Cato warned his countrymen against the approach of despotic power. No deliverer has ever arisen. Liberty has never been wooed to return. Once abandoned and surrendered by those whom she has crowned with honor and greatness, in the midst of the earth she goes forth with the air and feelings of insulted majesty to seek more worthy objects of her love and care.

Sir, modern history contains no exception to the rule which the fate of ancient republics has established. Aspirations for freedom have at different periods ascended from almost every portion of the map of modern Europe. A system of confederated states built up and nurtured the free institutions of Holland for more than three hundred years, while the night of despotism lay thick and heavy on all the surrounding horizon. As revolted colonies, as states in rebellion, the Dutch republic maintained a defensive war for thirty years against the whole power of Spain when Philip II controlled the councils and commanded the wealth of the civilized world. Their proudest cities were besieged and fell a prey to pillage and murder. In pitched battles they seldom triumphed over the superior numbers and equipments of the powerful Spaniard. Their country was trodden under foot; their houses plundered; their fields laid waste; and the wild boar and the wolf roamed unmolested through the streets of once populous towns. But the endurance and patriotism of a people to whom no terms were offered except abject, unconditional submission, outlived and broke the rage of their oppressors. A free commonwealth, the United States of Holland, arose and extended the spirit of enterprise, commerce, and refinement into all the four quarters of the earth. She conquered the sea and subdued distance. The peaceful victories of her trade were celebrated at the Cape of Good Hope, and in the harbor of New York, in the Indies of the East, and in every latitude of the Western Hemisphere. Nor was she less renowned in war. The broom at the mast-head swept the ocean of her enemies, and the only guns of a foreign power whose hostile roar ever penetrated the Tower of London, were the guns of the free States of Holland. Louis XIV, the grand monarch of imperial France, when Turenne and Luxemburg and Conde led his armies, poured the torrents of his power against her for conquest and sub-

jugation; but they were poured in vain. She fought with the inspiration of freedom, and made her history secure and illustrious as long as a generous heart shall be found to throb in sympathy with the welfare and happiness of a heroic people. But where now is that noble prodigy of liberal institutions? Why does she lift her beautiful head to the Heavens no longer? Her glories declined under the burthen of unbounded wealth and overflowing prosperity. Her people relaxed the vigilance of their guard over the citadel of their liberties, and slumbered at their posts while unlawful power fortified itself beyond successful attack. Thus she perished ignobly by her own hand, having throughout her whole career defied and held at bay a world in arms. And how still and heavy has been her long repose! No awakening convulsions shake her rigid limbs, or disturb her frozen arteries. Once fallen, and forever lost is the mournful epic of her fate. She takes her place in the dreary catalogue furnished by antiquity.

But cross the channel and take your stand on the soil of England. She too has furnished mankind with a short-lived experiment of republican government. Wrongs and outrages inflicted on the English people, similar in kind, but far less enormous than those which now oppress the citizen of the United States of America, wrought the volcanic eruption of 1640. The best blood of England perished in the conflict between *Magna Charta* on one side and absolutism on the other. John Hampden bled on the plains of Chalgrave, but the royal Stuart bled on the scaffold. When the strife died away, the British constitution was found to be possessed and upheld by those who partook of the sacrament of the Lord's supper with bloody hands, and who enforced the sermon on the mount with fire and sword. They were the ancestors of those who to-day in this land are crucifying liberty afresh, and putting her to open shame. God does not allow Himself to be mocked, and Cromwell and the Commonwealth of England went out together, while a wrathful tempest raged around the dying bed of the great, but bloody and tyrannical Protector. The incoming wave, the reaction in the tide of human affairs, bore back the dissolute and worthless Charles II to the home of his ancestors, and Englishmen have never from that time to this lifted their hands or their voices in behalf of a republic.

France points to the revolting blotch, the stain of mingled blood and tears, which her wild and mad attempts at freedom have left upon the page of history. We gaze at it but for an instant, and turn away with horror. At the very moment almost that the President of the French Directory declared "that monarchy would never more show its frightful head in France, Bonaparte with his grenadiers entered the palace of St. Cloud, and dispersing with the bayonet the deputies of the people deliberating on the affairs of State, laid the

foundation of that vast fabric of despotism which overshadowed all Europe."

Sir, I pause in this train of sorrowful illustrations. I tremble at their contemplation when my mind is brought to embrace the conclusions which flow from them. But shall we shrink back affrighted and appalled because the great lessons of uniform history come to us with a voice of solemn and prophetic warning? Shall the universal experience of the human race bring us no wisdom? Shall we wrap ourselves in a sweet delusion and lie down to pleasant dreams when we know by every chart of navigation that the fatal maelstrom is just at hand? Will the proud and daring people of America close their eyes and ears against the teaching of ages, and wait for fetters and gyes to convince them that their liberties are in danger? Are they to be chained like Prometheus to the rock, while the vulture of despotism preys forever upon their bleeding vitals? Sir, in my hours of seclusion and study I have to the best of my humble capacity held up the lamp of the past to the face of the future, and I call God to witness that I would be recreant and faithless to my own conscience if I did not proclaim, as far as my voice will reach, that a danger is this hour upon the American people more deadly than the juices of the hemlock or the bite of the asp. This Government is dying; dying, sir, dying. We are standing around its bed of death, and will soon be wretched mourners at its tomb, unless the sovereign and heroic remedy is speedily applied. I will submit the facts in condensed array on which I make this assertion, that a candid public may judge between me and that pestilent class who, failing to answer, resort to slander.

The American republic was established in order to accomplish avowed and specified purposes. The objects of its creation were left in no uncertainty. Its mission was clear and distinct by the terms of the Constitution. It came into existence "in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty" to that and all succeeding generations of American citizens. Who will dare to rise in his place and say that this Government has been administered during the last three years in a mode even tending towards the accomplishment of these grand results? Has the establishment of justice been maintained? The sword has been thrown into the scales of justice, and there is not this hour a court between the two oceans left free to decide the laws as they have uniformly been decided in England and America for the last two hundred years. The very foundations of civilized jurisprudence have been torn away, and the whole edifice is in ruins. The *Magna Charta* is erased; the *Habeas Corpus* is dead; the very soul and spirit of liberty is extinguished in the forum of the judiciary. To this sacred sanctuary,

more than to any other department of the Government, the blessings of liberty were entrusted. But has the present Administration made them secure? It is required to do so by the terms of the Constitution. Let each mind give its own answer. Not one right which constitutes the freedom and safety of the citizen but what has been wickedly and wantonly violated. Prisons filled without indictment and without warrant; long and bitter punishment inflicted without trial or conviction; the whole jury system abolished by a stroke of the pen in the hand of the Executive, or his subordinates in crime; no witnesses brought to the face of the accused; no counsel permitted to appear in his behalf; his house broken open and his papers searched in the midst of his pallid and terrified wife and children; such are some of the evidences which exist on every hand that our free institutions are hastening to their overthrow. And not content with breaking down all the ancient safeguards of liberty, new and malignant measures of legislation have been continually devised by a slavish Congress by which to more effectually reach, and torture, and grind the citizen. The most innocent conduct, a harmless word, a simple look has been enacted into guilt. The hired hounds of arbitrary power find conspiracy and crime in the friendly greetings of neighbors on their farms. Speaking of the period of 1795 in England, that great modern philosopher, Henry Thomas Buckle, in his History of Civilization, uses the following language, which I adopt as faithfully descriptive of the conduct of the party now in power, and of the times in which we live.

"Nothing, however, could stop the Government in its headlong career. The ministers, secure of a majority in both houses of Parliament, were able to carry their measures in defiance of the people, who opposed them by every mode short of actual violence. And as the object of these new laws was to check the spirit of inquiry and prevent reforms which the progress of society rendered indispensable, there were also brought into play other means subservient to the same end. It is no exaggeration to say that for some years England was ruled by a system of absolute terror. The ministers of the day, turning a struggle of party into a war of proscription, filled the prisons with their political opponents, and allowed them when in confinement to be treated with shameful severity. If a man was known to be a reformer he was constantly in danger of being arrested; and if he escaped that, he was watched at every turn, and his private letters were opened as they passed through the postoffice. In such cases no scruples were allowed. Even the confidence of domestic life was violated. No opponent of Government was safe under his own roof against the tales of eaves-droppers and the gossip of servants. Discord was introduced into the bosom of families, and schisms caused between parents and their children. Not only were the most strenuous attempts made to silence the press, but the book-sellers were so constantly prosecuted that they did not dare to publish a work if its author were obnoxious to the court. Indeed, whoever opposed the Government was proclaimed an enemy to his country. Political associations and public meetings

were strictly forbidden. Every popular leader was in personal danger, and every popular assemblage was dispersed, either by threats or by military execution. That hateful machinery, familiar to the worst days of the seventeenth century, was put into motion. Spies were paid; witnesses were suborned; juries were packed. The coffee-houses, the inns, and the clubs were filled with emissaries of the Government, who reported the most hasty expressions of common conversation. If by these means no sort of evidence could be collected, there was another resource which was unsparingly used. For, the *habeas corpus* act being constantly suspended, the crown had the power of imprisoning without inquiry and without limitation any person offensive to the ministry, but of whose crime no proof was attempted to be brought."

Sir, why are you, why am I out of the vaults of a dungeon, and standing on this floor to-day? Not because we are guilty of no offence; not because the broad shield of the law interposes its protection, but simply because the Executive has not yet seen fit and proper in the exercise of his absolute and unrestrained will to lay us in irons. This is the ultimate climax of despotic power. Each one of the twenty millions of people within the control of the United States holds his or her tenure to personal liberty—the right to walk the green earth, to breathe the air, and look at the sun—not by virtue of a free Constitution, but dependent upon the clemency and pleasure of one man. May I not be arrested to-night? May not you or any one else to-morrow? Has it not been done in more than a thousand instances, and have not the courts, and the laws been powerless to save? While I am now speaking, may not some minion who licks the hand of power, and whom it would honor to call a slave, be preparing notes from which to testify against me before a military commission? Have we in the West forgotten Burnside, and the infamy of his reign in our midst? Will the inhabitants of the Western Circuit in England ever forget the monster Jeffries and the murder of Alice Lisle? Will some poor, crawling, despised sycophant and tool of executive despotism dare to say that I shall not pronounce the name of Vallandigham? The scandal and stigma of his condemnation and banishment have filled the civilized world; and the Lethean and oblivious waves of a thousand years will not wash away the shame and reproach of that miserable scene from the American name. Some members on the other side of this chamber have attacked with fierce clamor the great American statesman and the Christian gentleman who suffers his exile in the cause of liberty on a foreign soil. So the basest cur that ever kenned may bay, at the bidding of his master, the caged lion in the distance. Protract this iniquity, this crime, as long as you will, however, the judgment of history will at last overwhelm you with an insufferable odium, as certainly as the streams of truth emanate from beneath the great white throne of God. "Establish justice!" "Secure the blessings of liberty!"

Oh! bitter mockery. Justice has been dethroned and the blessings of liberty annihilated. There is not one square mile of free soil in the American Republic. It is slave territory from the Aroostook to the Columbia. Every man in all that vast expanse may be reduced in an instant to hopeless bondage, every home may be broken open and pillaged, every dollars' worth of property may be swept into that yawning and bottomless gulf—the National Treasury; and all under the sanction of the principles and practices daily exemplified by the Administration which now hurls us on to ruin.

But the "domestic tranquility," has it been insured? When the present party came into power the road to an honorable peace on the basis of the Union was still open. Before the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln his friends and supporters held the issues of life and death, peace and war in their hands in this capitol. The records of the last session of the 36th Congress are immortal. They cannot perish; and as the woes and calamities of the people thicken and magnify by the frightful war in which we are engaged, they increase in value to posterity more rapidly than the leaves of the sybilline book. The baleful brood of political destructionists who now unhappily possess the high seats of national authority did not then want public tranquility. They invoked the storm which has since rained blood upon the land. They courted the whirlwind which has prostrated the progress of a century in ruins. They danced with a hellish glee around the bubbling cauldron of civil war and welcomed with ferocious joy every hurtful mischief which flickered in its lurid and infernal flames. Compromise, which has its origin in the love and mercy of God; which made peace and ratified the treaty on Calvary between Heaven and the revolted and rebellious earth; which is the fundamental basis of all human association, and by which all governments the world ever knew have been created and upheld; compromise, which fools pronounce a treasonable word, and skilful knaves cover with reproach, because they are enriching themselves at the expense of the national sorrow and blood, was discarded by the North and accepted by the South when offered by Mr. Crittenden. By it domestic tranquility could have been ensured. But an ulterior and destructive spirit ruled the hour and flooded the nation with misery. And since the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep who of this party have labored to tranquilize our disordered affairs? Who has endeavored, in the name of Christ and by the omnipotent power of the principles which He left His Father's throne to proclaim and for which He drank the wormwood and the gall on the cross, to expel the cruel and ferocious demon of civil war that has howled so fiercely for the last three years among the tombs of our young and heroic dead? Not one, sir; not one. Wise and Christian measures, looking

to reconciliation and peace and union, have been repeatedly spurned by the Executive and this legislative department which he holds in duress. At no distant day, when the horror of this war can no longer be borne, the various propositions which have been made and rejected in behalf of enlightened negotiation and a constitutional restoration will be gathered up and hurled at those in power as an accusation more appalling, an indictment more damning, than was ever leveled against a murderer upon his trial. Nor can they, in that hour of their fear and calamity at which the righteous world will laugh and mock, hide their guilty heads under the assertion that the South will not treat for peace; yes, peace which shall restore the Union under the Constitution as it was written by the fathers, and as it has been interpreted by the supreme judicial tribunals. Why came that wasted figure, that gifted child of genius, the pure and elevated Stephens, of Georgia, from Richmond on his way to this Capitol in the midsummer of 1863? Was it a trifling cause that moved him? All the world knows that his judgment and his heart clung fondly and to the last to the old Government, in whose councils he had won so much honor. It is equally well known that he has never embraced the suicidal doctrine of State secession. The right of revolution is the ground upon which he stands. The malignant portion of the Southern press, too, such mischievous and damaging prints as the *Examiner* and *Inquirer* at Richmond, and the *Register* at Mobile, who continually cripple the interests and friends of humanity in this baleful contest, assailed Mr. Stephens for his attempt at negotiation, which they averred would lead to reunion. Yet, with these things well known, and perhaps much more, which now slumbers in the secret drawers of the Executive, this great messenger of peace, this most acceptable mediator between an estranged and misled people was denied a hearing—turned back in silence; and the festival of death commanded to proceed. The book of time in all its ample folds contains no more inhuman or revolting spectacle. Those who love war for the mere sake of war, when the same objects can be better attained by the gentle and holy influences of peace, are monsters of such frightful depravity that the blackest of those murdering ministers, "who in their sightless substance wait on nature's mischief," appear as angels of light and benevolence in the comparison.

Sir, I will not here pause to dwell in detail on the usages of civilized nations in conducting civilized warfare. But I challenge history, that "reverend chronicler of the grave," whether in its sacred or profane records, to produce a parallel to the spirit and temper with which the party now in power has conducted the awful struggle in which we are engaged. Commence at the early daybreak of the world, traverse all time, and explore all space, grope your way among the vast heca-

tombs of all former wars, examine the gory stains of every battle plain, ransack the archives of kings, cabinets, and councils, and no instance, not one, can be found where a people claiming Christian civilization has waged a war of any kind against any foe in dumb, ferocious silence, without a word, a sign, or a look in behalf of a peaceful solution as long as we have now been engaged in this cruel conflict. "Blessed are the peace-makers," was not spoken for the present administrators of American affairs. They spurn the examples and teachings of all Christian ages and enlightened people. They drink not from the benevolent fountains whose waters were unsealed to gladden and refresh the earth by the divine Nazarene on the Mount of Olives. They lave their lips, rather, in a stream whose waves, more putrid than the river of Egypt when smitten by the rod of Moses, taint the air with pestilence and calamity. Nor are they wholly without models in the past. The boundaries of civilization it is true, as I have stated, are barren of any precedents for their conduct, but the dark regions of barbarism furnish here and there a ghastly and horrible example of fury, hate, and revenge, which is now followed by the Executive and his partisan supporters. Demons have occasionally, in the mysterious providence of God, visited the earth in the guise of men, to prey upon the human species from the mere love of slaughter and misery. Alaric, the Gothic monster, never treated with his enemies, never negotiated for a peace. The dying groan of the soldier on the field, the bitter wail of the widow and the choking sob of the orphan at home were equally music in his ear. Attila, the fierce Hun, known to history as "the scourge of God," neither sent or received commissioners to discuss and allay the causes of war. He painted upon his banners the sword, and the sword alone, and proclaimed that by that sign, and by it alone, he would conquer. Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, preserved by the pen of the historian for universal execration, found no pursuit so pleasant as calling for more men, more men, more men for the harvest of death, and, like our present Executive, snuffing with jests and ribaldry the warm taint of blood on every gale. The patriots who surrounded these barbarian chiefs spurned with eager indignation all proffers of mediation, all efforts at compromise, all talk of negotiation, just as do now the patriots who are seated on the west side of this chamber, and who pay court for contracts at the west end of the avenue. Nor did Hyder Ali, that more modern incarnation of unconditional exterminating war, regard with favor the suggestions of peace, when pausing for a moment like a cloud of wrath on the brow of the mountain he swept down over the plains of the Carnatic, and smote them with blasts of fire, with indiscriminate woe. Sir, these are your examples. These are they who never said conciliate, but always said crush; who never said harmon-

ize, but who always said destroy; who denounced fraternal affection and embraced the doctrine of subjugation; who never sought to restore peaceful relations with their neighbors, but who always sought to ruin them by confiscation and plunder, whose voice was forever like the voice of Moloch in hell, and the voice of those who now rule this nation, for war, for mere war, and war alone, as a cure for every evil, a remedy for every grievance fancied or real. With what loathing and abhorrence does a Christian world now regard these destroyers of their kind! All countries and every people utter a cry of horror at the mention of their names. No pillar, no monument, no fountain, no grove perpetuates their place in the respect of a single human being that ever lived or died. And yet who will compare the ages in which they enacted their various tragedies to the one in which we live, and call them to such an account as awaits those who in this period of gospel light have fashioned the Administration of the American Republic on the principles and practices of unenlightened barbarians?

But I will cease to reason on this point by comparison. I will grasp the naked question which the supporters of this Administration have so persistently clamored into the public ear for the last three wretched years. Is it right in itself to treat with those who are in rebellion, with a view to a restoration of their allegiance, and thus to ensure the domestic tranquility? If we draw an answer from the conduct of this Government in former instances of treasonable resistance to law that answer is all in favor of negotiation and compromise. Washington set the example in the case of Pennsylvania, and Jackson followed it in the more celebrated case of South Carolina in 1832. In our wars with foreign powers the same course has uniformly been pursued. And we ourselves were the objects of similar treatment even from the tyrannical ministry of George III in the days of the revolution. Commissioners from the Court of England came to our shores more than once a year during that struggle to treat for a return of the rebellious colonies to the union of the British Empire. But I shall not content myself with the enlightened precedents furnished by the history of our own and other countries. Is there no higher standard of moral right to which to appeal? Is the voice of Him who spake as never man spake hushed and stifled by the hoarse cry of passion and rage? Have those pages which blaze with inspiration and which contain all the principles of national as well as individual morality and justice lost their light and power in this unhappy land? Can a government long survive or hope to escape retributive punishment which blots out the doctrines of Christ in the regulation of its affairs? Shall a sneer, the sneer of the Jacobin and the Atheist deter me from seeking the path of public as well as private duty in the declared record of the Great Father of us all? Have

Robespierre and Marat come from their dis-honored graves to dethrone God and to give us the hideous infidelity of the French Revolution? Sir, I ask you to go with me to the unsullied fountain of eternal truth:

"Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother.

"But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established.

"And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican."

In these brief but comprehensive sentences are embraced the great principles of social harmony, individual charity, and national fraternity. They were written by divinity to convey a lesson of humane philosophy into every department of life and to every succeeding age. They furnish the text for every treaty of peace which nations ever framed to prevent the effusion of blood. They inculcate the duty of not one only, but repeated attempts at reconciliation; and those attempts, too, upon the part of those who have suffered the injury. Under the malignant auspices, however, of the present hour in this afflicted country, what a contrast is presented to these sacred passages! Not only do we refuse to go to our brother who has committed the trespass, but we reject him when he offers to come to us.

Sir, I take my stand on these immortal maxims and appeal to the native justice of the human heart. I appeal to those instincts of charity and benevolence by which it is allied to the attributes of deity. The plain people of America, those who, with honest hands earn their daily bread, whose wearing apparel is not purple and fine linen, flashing with diamonds and pearls purchased by the blood and tears of millions—to them, in their humble homes, darkened perhaps by the death of the first-born, I make this solemn invocation. Before that pure and unselfish tribunal I lodge my cause in behalf of domestic tranquility, and tender the Bible as authority for the principles which I declare. By the voice of my own heart, unseduced by gain and unawed by terror, I know what will be the verdict of an incorruptible and free people. But there is another class who preside over the ministrations of this inspired book, and who mingle with their offerings to God the poison of political prejudices, before whom the cause of humanity, union, and peace need not be presented. That large portion of the clergy of the land who, claiming to be the chosen agents of the merciful Redeemer, fill the cup of his sacrament with rancor and vengeance, hear none of the sweet, angelic tones which plead from every page of his gospels in favor that individual and national charity which suffereth long and is kind. They teach their flocks no longer to hunger and thirst after

righteousness, but to hunger and thirst for the blood of their enemies. They ascend the sacred desk no more to pray that gentle peace like the dews of Heaven may descend upon our wounded and distracted country, but to declaim in warlike strains in the face of the Almighty upon the delight which they feel in the infliction of human agony. They have reversed the order of the millenium which the Christian world has looked forward to since the days of the prophets. The one which they hail in fond anticipation is that in which every plough-share shall become a sword, and every pruning-hook a spear; in which conscription, slaughter, and taxation shall go hand in hand; "when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low: \* \* because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

To these men much of the sorrow which now overshadows our homes is properly attributable. They have ever been, and are to-day, the foremost enemies of domestic tranquility. Agitation on matters pertaining to civil government has been their element. Sedition against laws which conflict with their ignorant and selfish bigotry has been their favorite calling in all countries and in every age. They have a higher law than the sermon on the mount; and the word of God is made to fit the Procurstean bed of their blind and furious prejudices, which they mistake for conscience. Sir, I here proclaim as a fact to which all history attests, that wherever in the tide of time the ministry of the Most High have assumed as a part of their duties the control of affairs of State and the policy of nations, they have appeared as the advocates of despotism, the friends of high prerogative, the defenders of oppression, the allies of tyranny—obstacles in the pathway of progress, enemies to popular rights, and extortioners of the poor and laboring masses. I might dwell long on the evidence which the old and the new world furnish on this point. That great author and majestic thinker, Buckle, whom I have already quoted, in speaking of the conduct of the political clergy in the reign of James II, says:

"They looked on in silence while the King was amassing the materials with which he hoped to turn a free government into an absolute monarchy. They saw Jeffreys and Kirke torturing their fellow-subjects. They saw the jails crowded with prisoners, and the scaffolds streaming with blood. They were well pleased that some of the best and ablest men in the kingdom should be barbarously persecuted; that Baxter should be thrown into prison, and that Howe should be forced into exile."

I pause but for a moment to point to the history of puritan Massachusetts as a confirmation of my statement on this side of the ocean. What oppression did a political

priesthood fail to approve? What cruelty did they not instigate and sanction in the early days of that famous colony? They scourged, seared, cropped, burned, and gibeted the bodies of those who were unable to conform their views in all matters, civil and religious, to the reigning fanaticisms; and then consigned their souls to the regions of the lost. Carpenter, in his standard history of Massachusetts, a work warmly partial to that State, says:

"In July, 1656, several Quakers arrived in Massachusetts from Barbadoes, two of whom were women. Fully aware of the contemptuous disregard for existing ordinances indulged in by the more zealous of the sect in England, the magistrates in Boston brought the law against heresy to bear upon the intruders and ordered their immediate arrest. After their persons had been examined for those marks which were supposed at that period to indicate such as dealt in witchcraft, no satanic signs being discovered, their trunks were rifled, and the books found therein ordered to be publicly burned. A brief imprisonment was imposed upon them, but they were finally released and banished the colony. Several others who arrived subsequently were sent back to England by the vessels in which they came. About the same time a law was passed to prevent their introduction into the colony, and imposing the penalty of stripes and coercive labor upon all Quakers that should infringe it. \* \* \* Some of the women were whipped, and several men condemned to lose an ear. \* \* \* When seized they offered no resistance. Sentenced to be flogged, they yielded with entire satisfaction their backs to the executioner."

Finding that these atrocious measures were not sufficient to crush out the liberty of thought, a law was passed, says the same historian, in 1658, banishing the Quakers from the United Colonies of New England, and forbidding their return under pain of death:

"This sanguinary and unjustifiable enactment was carried by one vote only. Various staunch friends of the Government strongly protested against it, not only as cruel, but as liable to invite the persecution it sought to avoid. The result soon proved how well grounded was the fear. Marmaduke Stephenson, William Robinson and Mary Dyer courted the danger to which they were exposed and quietly awaited the operation of the law. In September, 1658, they were seized, and, after trial, condemned to be hanged. The sentence was carried into effect upon Robinson and Stephenson, but Mary Dyer was reprieved upon the scaffold, and again thrust from the colony. Resolute in seeking a martyr's death, she returned soon after and was publicly executed on Boston Common."

"Oh! the rarity of Christian charity." Will not some New England clergyman of modern orthodoxy shed at least one tear over the scarlet sins of his own ancestors who assisted in the murder of this poor woman on Boston Common, while he is weeping as if his head was a fountain of waters over the landing of the Dutch ship with slaves at Jamestown?

But again, says the same friendly historian:

"It was at the beginning of this year that many persons of piety and good understanding were

again led to believe in the great prevalence of witchcraft in the province. Prominent among the most credulous of these was Cotton Mather, son to the Reverend Increase Mather, for some time past the agent of Massachusetts in England, and himself a clergyman. \* \* \* The alarm of witchcraft was again sounded. The ministers fasted and prayed with the distressed father. The villagers of Salem also fasted and prayed; and the fear of demoniacal influences becoming general, a day of fasting and prayer was specially set apart to be kept by the whole colony. The belief in witchcraft being thus solemnly recognized and fostered, it was not long before the delusion spread across the whole breadth of the province. The number of victims so rapidly increased that many of the colonists, perfectly panic-stricken, became the accusers of others, lest they should be brought under suspicion themselves. The execution at Salem village of Mr. Burroughs, a minister of blameless life, was a terrible instance of the power which the delusion exercised over the strongest minds in the community. For fifteen months this strange belief held full possession of the popular faith. During this period, out of twenty-eight persons capitally convicted of witchcraft, nineteen had been hanged and one pressed to death."

Sir, let not these remarks and records of faithful history be construed into an attack upon the ministers of our divine religion. I have endeavored rather to portray the evil results which flow from a desecration of that high calling. To my mind there is no vocation on this side of the mysterious river which divides time from eternity so lofty, no career of life so serenely beautiful and bordering so closely upon Heaven as the benevolent pursuits of him who tenders the cup of salvation to the lips of a fallen world. A halo hovers around his head which tells that he walks in the footsteps of his blessed Master. In the presence of such a man I would stand uncovered and do him reverent homage. And there are many such whose pure and noiseless lives pass almost unheeded by the busy, striving world, but around whom the comforting angels of the Lord encamp by night and by day. In their keeping are all the future hopes of the church—the Christian welfare of mankind. The youth of the land should sit at their feet and learn wisdom, and both young and old should rise up and call them blessed. But in this bright category of human excellence—this high galaxy of stars shining with an unearthly splendor—there is no place for such as take charge of churches by order of the War Department, and preach the gospel as commanded by the President of the United States. The vineyards where they labor will never bear the fruits of peace—never smile with domestic tranquility. Before them I do not plead my cause. From them I expect to hear no voice save the continued and protracted cry of havoc.

But, sir, I will be told by the advocates of force and violence as a remedy, and the sole remedy, for our troubles, that although the South might send commissioners to treat for peace, yet they would accede to no terms

sav<sup>o</sup> recognition and separation. In support of this view, certain propositions recently offered in the Congress at Richmond are cited. To my mind they indicate a far different conclusion. It is true they do not signify to me that the power of the Southern people is exhausted; that the rebellion is crushed; that a panic of fear prevails in the Southern mind; that a government, whether *de facto* or *de jure*, which can maintain an army of half a million of well armed men in the field is conquered. I do not see the evidence of all this as some have professed to do every sixty days since the war began; but I do see in these propositions an earnest desire upon the part of the South to conform to the usages of the civilized world, and to bring this unhappy and disastrous conflict to a close by the power of reason. It is true that certain objects are declared for which they desire to negotiate; but does that fact include final results which may grow out of negotiation when once commenced? What nation at war with another ever opened communication for a treaty of peace by proclaiming in advance the precise terms on which it was to be concluded? Such a course peremptorily excludes the very idea of negotiation. Commissioners would have no discretion, and reason and argument would have no room to act. Such is not, in my judgment, the meaning of this movement in the Confederate Congress. Sir, what is this contest? What interests does it involve? They are very distinct and simple when divorced from fanaticism. On the part of those who have kept their allegiance, it is a struggle to maintain the boundaries of the Republic, and thus defeat the ruinous doctrine that a State has a right to secede. On the part of those in rebellion, it is an effort, in their estimation, to preserve the integrity of their local laws, their social institutions, the right to control their domestic affairs free from Federal interference. With some, this attempt is made under a claim of the right of secession; others proclaim a revolution, which is the right of all people if grievances sufficient exist as a justification. But the people of the South are united in the objects at which they aim, and if they could be attained in the Union, and without war, would they not gladly embrace and accept them rather than continue in a state of endless hostility, which is destroying the very interests they seek to protect? Why, the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Garfield) declared a few days ago on this floor, that if the privates of the opposing armies in the field were permitted to come together in peace, they would speedily remove all our troubles; and yet he spoke and voted in favor of taking from even the wives and children of the Southern masses, who he asserts, are thus willing to return to the Union, the last foot of soil, and the last crust of bread by which life is sustained. With such evidence then as this can we justify ourselves before God or man if we fail to respond

to the action of the South in favor of negotiation, which promises in advance such happy results? Let all grievances, whether fancied or real, be considered by candid statesmanship. Let there be safe and unrepeatable guarantees adopted against those that are found to be real; and those that are fancied will be easily explained away. Five enlightened commissioners from each section, imbued with the spirit of Christian benevolence animated by an unselfish love of country and of their fellow-men, meeting by the consent and encouragement of their respective authorities, could, and in my solemn and deliberate judgment would, in ninety days agree upon terms which would be acceptable to a large majority of the American people, and by which the Union of these States would be more firmly established than ever before—the lives of millions spared, the hard earnings of the laborer left for him to enjoy, peace and domestic tranquility restored. I would improve the armistice which winter declares to achieve many bloodless and permanent victories in favor of the Union and the Constitution. I would not stop there. I would extend the armistice as long as there was hope of inducing the return of a single State. But suppose negotiation should fail. Then, indeed, would this Administration be armed with an argument in favor of war which it has never yet possessed. This fact is well understood by the Executive and his advisers, but they refuse to negotiate because they have reason to believe that the Union would thus be restored and the war ended. But slavery would not thereby be abolished, and the scheme of building up a despotic, centralized Federal Government would be defeated. The war, therefore, goes on; the young men of the nation are swept into their graves upon the plain of battle, and the old men become slaves to the tax gatherer, not to restore the Union, but to give a worthless liberty to the black man, and to strike down the legal rights and privileges of the white man.

Sir, upon this question of negotiation, concession, compromise, and Union, I appeal for approval to my own conscience. It sustains me with all the force of a burning conviction of duty. By it I am lifted beyond the reach of partisan malice. I appeal to the people! The voice and humane instincts of honest nature will plead my cause in their hearts. At their hands I fear no evil for the country. They are just, and will appreciate a plain and inherent element of right. I appeal to future years. When candor, reason, and Christianity sit in judgment on this struggle, every line which records the history of war or peace in all former ages, tells me that their verdict will be in favor of the principles which I advocate. I seize this hour of future triumph by anticipation. That it will come I entertain no more doubt than I do that I breathe the air of life this moment. I appeal, finally, to God before whom I stand, and into whose

presence we all hasten to answer for our conduct and our motives. In that awful hour I humbly trust and believe that my feeble efforts to turn aside the devouring edge of the sword; to stay the hand of the great reaper, death; to pause in the horrid work of sending souls to their eternal account without repentance or pardon; to stop bereavement, woe, and tears around every fireside; to brighten the mournful face of the land with the radiance of peace; to reconstruct and restore a fraternal and harmonious Union will meet with the approval of the Father and go far towards relieving the newly liberated and trembling spirit of the terrors which surround it.

But, Mr. Chairman, what other declared purposes of the Constitution for the accomplishment of which this government was established have been carried out by the policy and administration of the party now in power? Do they *promote the general welfare?* With the principles of justice everywhere suppressed, the blessing of liberty annihilated throughout all our borders, and the domestic tranquility utterly destroyed, it is almost needless to enquire what is left to constitute the general welfare. But it is my painful duty on this occasion not only to show that the principles of free government are dying, rapidly dying before our faces, but that the material prosperity, the absolute physical resources of the country are perishing also. The welfare, the strength and glory of a nation are dependent in a vast measure upon the extent of its population, and the amount of its wealth. Next to the virtue and intelligence of the people their numbers constitute the power and dignity of a State. The ancient commandment and the blessing delivered to the original founders of the human race was to be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth. And one of the richest promises to the Patriarchs of old was that their tribes and their descendants should increase until they became as the leaves of the forest and the sands of the sea shore. Every public ruler who by wise political and social economy has rapidly swelled the population of his country, holds a place in history as a benefactor of his kind. Every human being is a machine of labor. Each head and each hand is a producer. The busy brain and the active muscle are perpetually adding to the storehouses, the granaries, and the merchant ships of the world. It was a blessing and not a curse; it was in mercy and not in wrath that man was commanded to eat his bread in the sweat of his face. By obedience to this command the glory of civilization adorns the earth, and commerce penetrates the most distant seas. The fulfillment of this decree redeems the savage face of nature, builds up the great marts of trade, patronizes sciences and letters, erects temples to art and progress, and is a forerunner of the Christian faith. Labor is the fountain of all wealth, and of all happiness. Nations and individ-

uals are alike utterly and entirely dependent upon it for their prosperity. And national prosperity is simply the result of individual labor. The humble and obscure toil of the honest ploughman, who

"Homeward plods his weary way"

at nightfall is the source of all the nation's greatness, the foundation of all its vast enterprises, the support of all its boasted revenues; it is the small spring breaking into a rivulet from the hill side, which flowing on and mingling with the other waters of its kindred at last swells into an ocean on whose bosom the destinies of the world are determined. All the great authors who have written on the subject of the wealth of nations have recognized this as a fundamental truth. Adam Smith embraces it in the first sentence of his immortal work. He says:

"The annual labor of every nation is the fund which originally supplies it with all the necessaries and conveniences of life, which it annually consumes, and which consist always either in the immediate produce of that labor, or in what is purchased with that produce from other nations."

Locke, in his equally celebrated treatise on civil government is still more explicit and clear upon this point. He uses the following language, which covers the whole philosophy of labor:

"'Tis labor then, which puts the greatest part of the value upon land, *without which it would scarcely be worth anything.* 'Tis to that we owe the greatest part of all its useful products; for all that the straw, bran, bread of that acre of wheat is more worth than the product of an acre of good land which lies waste is all the effect of labor. For 'tis not merely the ploughman's pains, the reaper's, and the thrasher's toil, and the baker's sweat, is to be counted into the bread we eat; the labor of those who broke the oxen, who digged and wrought the iron and stones, who felled and framed the timber employed about the plough, mill, oven, or any other utensils, which are a vast number, requisite to this corn, from its being seed to be sown, to its being made bread, must all be charged in the account of labor, and received as an effect of that: nature and the earth furnishing only the almost worthless materials as in themselves. 'Twould be a strange catalogue of things that industry provided and made use of about every loaf of bread, before it came to our use, if we could trace them. From wood, leather, barks, timber, stone, brick, coals, lime, cloth, dyeing-drugs, pitch, tar, masts, ropes, and all materials made use of in the ship that brought away the commodities made use of by any of the workmen, to any part of the work; all which 'twould be almost impossible, at least too long to reckon up."

Sir, aside then from motives of humanity what shall be said of an administrative policy which is unnecessarily depopulating the nation? Every unsanguined field of strife covered with the noble and once animated forms of American citizens, is an irreparable loss to the true wealth of the country. When the last call for troops which has been made upon the laborers of the land, by the Executive, shall have been complied with, more than two millions of men will have gone to the

fields of death. In the year 1860, the number of voters in the United States, including all the sections was, 4,661,193. The States which remained faithful to the Union contained, at the commencement of this war, about three millions. This may fairly be computed as the number of laborers in the loyal States three years ago, for while many who vote are too old to work, yet, perhaps an equal number are capable of labor who are too young to vote.

It will thus be seen that two-thirds of the laboring population of the country have already been levied upon by this remorseless administration, and drawn away from the business of production. Figures cannot lie, and the census tables do not deceive. The prosperity of this government consists in the labor of its people. This is its only capital. In proportion as the population is diminished or diverted from productive pursuits, in the same proportion is the general welfare destroyed. And no nation ever long survived the shock which the abstraction of two-thirds of its population inflicted upon every branch and department of industry. A paralysis will seize every healthful function of government. The sap of life will cease to ascend, and the green tree will wither and die. The fountains will be dried up, and the river will cease to flow. Sir, I am dealing in no imaginary picture. Go to the regions of agriculture on which all else depends. You will there hear the cry that the laborers are few. One man cannot do the work of three; and two are gone and but one is left to sow the seed and reap the harvest. I have seen the wife and the mother tilling the soil in my own district; her children following in the furrow, and their father away in the army. I have seen broad fertile acres in the West lying waste and idle for the want of hands to place them in cultivation. How long can this state of things continue? How long will one-third of our usual produce meet the demands of our increased and stupendous expenditures? How long can diminished production and multiplied taxation go hand in hand? How long can you continue to destroy the laborer, and at the same time raise a revenue from the products of labor? The tendency and speedy result of our present career are plain and inevitable. Soon, very soon, the fruits of industry will prove inadequate to meet the annual demands of the National Treasury, and then the land itself, the farm, the homestead, must be exhausted and swept away. Are you ready for this? Are you ready for the land tax upon uncultivated fields, in addition to the tribute which we already pay to fanaticism and corruption? If you are, then eternal war, vast conscriptions, no negotiation, no reunion, no peace, will bring with fearful rapidity the realization of all your hopes. But in this profligate destruction of human life, and wanton and wicked overthrow of the whole natural system of American labor, how much

longer do you expect the toiling millions to endure in silence? When the curtain first rose on the hateful scene of this civil war, the country was mocked with a call for seventy-five thousand men, and our greedy ears were saluted from high quarters with the flattering story that the moon would scarcely wax and wane until the Government would again possess its own. You tell me of statesmanship; you tell me of honesty in the present conduct of our disastrous affairs. Sir, not a plan laid down in the beginning but what has failed, and not a promise made by this Administration to the people but what has been broken. The armies of the rebellion still stand with a defiant front almost in sight of the Capitol; and the hoarse and terrible demands of a new conscription are now going out over the country as fatal to the peace and happiness of the people as the croak of the raven to the life of Duncan. Do the few who now riot in the lives and fortunes of the many imagine that they can prolong forever the deception which they have imposed upon an anxious and trusting people?

But on this vital question of the rapid decrease of our laboring population, and the consequent prostration of the general welfare, I will doubtless be met by an indignant denial from the other side of the chamber. I submit, therefore, the following extract from the last message of the President:

"I again submit to your consideration the expediency of establishing a system for the encouragement of immigration. Although this source of national wealth and strength is again flowing with greater freedom than for several years before the insurrection occurred, there is still a great deficiency in every field of industry, especially in agriculture, and in our mines, as well of iron as the precious metals. While the demand for labor is thus increased here, tens of thousands of persons destitute of remunerative occupation are thronging our foreign consulates, and offering to emigrate to the United States, if essential, but very cheap assistance can be afforded them."

I am a friend to the foreigner—to the stranger who seeks our shores to enjoy liberty, or to increase his stores. I stood by him when the Executive and his chief supporters took the midnight oath to disfranchise him because of his religious faith, and oppressed him in all our borders. I welcome him now with a warm and extended hand to the equal enjoyment of all that remains of our shattered and defaced institutions. But with what sorrowful emotions will the people of this once proud land listen to the voice of America pleading with the populations of Europe, and offering them pecuniary inducements to come and take the places of our lost and dead—to fill the empty chairs around bereaved firesides—to supply the demands which war and death have made in the cornfields and at harvest time! And yet, the destroying angel is to continue to hover in every blast; the fierce spirit of the glass and scythe is to pursue his insatiate

career ; the flower of our manhood are to be cut down ; strangers from foreign lands are to occupy their vacant seats ; and it is treason to attempt to stay this horrid holocaust of human sacrifice by a restoration of the Government upon the principles which were satisfactory to Washington ! The rebel chief at Richmond, who makes open war against the Union, and the Executive here who does not make war for it, and who would not accept its restoration to-day on the ancient doctrines of the Constitution, are engaged by conscription force and violence in hurling against each other the unwilling and peaceful populations of every section ; bleeding, palpitating and mangled ; to struggle, to combat and to die, like the gladiators in the amphitheatre of Rome, butchered to make a Roman holiday. These are facts which will not escape history, and yet, the consent of the governed is the just measure of power which a public ruler can exercise in a free government, and we fondly imagine that we still are free !

But in immediate alliance with the question of population arises the consideration of the amount of burthen which is to be borne. While looking on the one hand in sadness and grief at the depletion and destruction of the laboring masses, we are compelled to turn and gaze with apprehension and terror at the frightful proportions, and increasing magnitude of our public indebtedness. As the ability of the people to meet taxation becomes each day more feeble, the demands upon their toil and their resources accumulate with appalling velocity. I shall deal in cold and steady figures. What I assert upon the subject of the national debt I stand prepared to make good, as time, the test of truth, has done for me heretofore. On the 21st day of May, 1862, on this floor, I made the following statement:

"It is safe, then, to conclude that the year that is to come, and on which we are just entering—the second year of the war—will swell the indebtedness of this Government to the alarming sum of \$2,000,000,000."

The fierce clamor which broke upon my head here and elsewhere, for that statement, will not be easily forgotten. I was honored by an official contradiction from the Secretary of the Treasury himself produced on this floor by the gentlemen from Massachusetts, [Mr. DAWES]. Then came the indignant outcries of injured patriotism from the throats of that venal and slavish class who earn the favor of princes, and purchase the privileges of plunder by echoing the words of their master. But I appealed to time for my vindication, and now here again to-day, I challenge my accusers to the issue.

On the 6th day of March, 1863, when the Thirty-seventh Congress adjourned, less than one year from the date of my estimate, the appropriations of money from the Federal Treasury, in the payment of

the public expenditures, stood as follows:			
First session 37th Congress, - - -	\$279,071,500		
Second " " - - -	878,109,600		
Third " " - - -	971,128,100		
Total amount, - - - - -	\$2,125,309,200		

Total amount, - - - - - \$2,125,309,200

It will thus be seen, that in less than the time by me specified in my speech of May 21st, 1862, that same Congress, of which I was then a member, appropriated \$128,309.200 more than even I predicted would be consumed by our alarming rate of expense. Reports may be written by able and skillful pens, and speeches may be made by eloquent and plausible tongues, in order to disguise these figures, and delude the people still further to their ruin, but the murder of the nation's welfare at last will out, and bankruptcy, like an uneasy and troubled ghost, with its shrivelled face and skeleton fingers, will come to plague and torment the faithless murderers. It may be an unwelcome task to portray these facts now, but the hour is fast approaching, in which the sons and daughters of honest toil will lay bitter maledictions on the authors of this oppression, and thank those who have pointed out their danger.

In the report of the Secretary of the Treasury submitted at the opening of the present session of Congress, we find his estimate for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1864, of the expenses of the Government amounting to \$1,099,731,960. It is true that he amuses the country by a conjecture that a considerable portion of that sum will not be expended at the close of the fiscal year. He asks that it may all be appropriated, but gently intimates that some of it may remain in his hands, not paid out on the 30th June, 1864. But inasmuch as we have already at this session passed deficiency bills over and above his estimates to the extent of more than a hundred millions of dollars, I must decline making any calculation upon any lower basis than the full amount of his own figures. Then taking the appropriations already made up to March 4th, 1863, as above stated:

Add the estimate of the Secretary up to June 30, 1864, - - - - - \$2,128,309,200  
1,099,731.906  
\$2,228,041,106

We thus leave from the official records, an indebtedness on the 30th of June next, not more than four months distant, reaching the sum of three thousand, two hundred and twenty-eight millions, forty-one thousand, one hundred and sixty dollars. Pause for a moment, ye sweating tax-payers, and comprehend if you can the weight of this load. I pause with you, for my heart is now at home clinging to the scenes of intelligent husbandry which I represent here, and which I seek to save from desolation.

But the Secretary of the Treasury has given us a forecast of another year of the future. Commencing again on the 1st of July,

1864, and closing June 30th, 1865, he gives us his estimates of the expenditures of another fiscal year. He places them—

At	\$1,151,815,088
Add the amount already estimated	
up to June 30th, 1864, - - -	3,228,041,160

Total debt, June 30th, 1865, - - -	\$4,379,856,248
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From this amount must be deducted the actual receipts from every source of revenue during the years of 1862 and 1863, and the estimated receipts for the years of 1864 and 1865. Allowing that the estimates of the Secretary will prove correct in the future, which is exceedingly charitable in view of the past, and we find that these receipts will amount in all to \$519,643,155. Subtract this amount from the above sum, and we have left \$3,860,213,093. To this again, however, must be added at the lowest calculation, one hundred and fifty millions to cover the claims of States for advances to the Federal Government, and the claims of citizens for the destruction of their property by the inevitable operations of war. Thus the public debt will stand, June 30th, 1865, at \$4,010,213,093. Sir, in this calculation I have strained nothing in order to swell the amount. Far otherwise. I would gladly diminish it if in my power. I have simply taken the amounts appropriated by a former Congress, and added the amounts which the Secretary of the Treasury asks shall be appropriated for the years of 1864 and 1865. I assume, and most safely I think in view of the past, that all the money thus appropriated by Congress for specified objects will be spent. This is all, and you behold the appalling result. I do not stop to take an account of State debts, which count by hundreds of millions. I pass by the debts of counties, cities, towns, and various corporations, all of which are a direct tax upon the people. I simply compute the Federal indebtedness, and you have these frightful figures.

Sir, this debt now inevitably fastened upon the American people, has no parallel in the history of nations. Its like is unknown in the annals of mankind. It stands alone in its career of devastation. The power of language cannot exaggerate it as an agent of destruction. More than four thousand millions of dollars! The debt of England, which is now a permanent curse, is less. Yet, since 1829, no British Statesman has thought for an instant that it would ever be finally paid. It commenced accruing in small proportions during the reign of Charles II—two hundred years ago. Succeeding wars rapidly increased it, and baffled all the wisdom and resources of the English people, in their long and faithful efforts to accomplish its payment. They pay the interest and bequeath the principal, with all its crushing weight, to each succeeding generation. And even this burthen on the labor of England is so great and so perpetual, that one-eighth of her citizens are inmates of the poor-house, and almost another eighth have been driven by want from their

native land. We are to tread in the same blighted pathway, groaning wearily under a still heavier load—the cursed fruits of a sectional party, and financial corruption. We look out upon the field of the future. It lies dismal and endless before us. There is no land of rest in the distance for the tired taxpayer. There is no promise of deliverance brightening the sky before him. His step from this on is in a ceaseless treadmill, from which he will never escape. Are you afraid, men of labor throughout America, to look at this picture? Will you turn away your faces and hug yourselves in the delusion that all is well, a little longer? Will you punish and denounce the faithful sentinel who cries out to you the approach of destruction? It may be so yet awhile. It is in the heart of man to put off the evil hour. We often take refuge from danger by affecting not to see it when we know it is inevitable. Death itself at last surprises us in the midst of the busy plans and pleasing aspirations of life. The voice of warning dies away on the ear unheeded by the heart. But this fact does not divorce a man in public station from the performance of his thankless duty. I shall here perform mine, and take all the reward I seek or desire, in the approbation of my own conscience—in the ever-present self-assurance that I know that I am acting for the welfare of my country.

Sir, in order to enable us to grasp the mighty figures which will sum up our national debt sixteen months hence, let us indulge for a moment in comparisons. The growth of the American Republic, in all the elements of material wealth, from its birth to the hour of its present misfortunes, had been the marvel and wonder of all time. It had strode upon the loftiest peaks of greatness with an easy and familiar step. In peace or in war our glory was the same—the first of all nations. Our actions at home and abroad were upon a scale of magnitude which dwarfed the giant achievements of history by contrast. But in all that time every item of our public expenditures would scarcely suffice to meet the demands of one year under our present system of ruin. Take the period of seventy-two years—those halcyon days of liberty and fraternity—from 1789 to 1861. During that space of happy time, for every year, and for all purposes, the expenses of the Government were :

For four years from 1861 to 1865 -	\$1,453,790,786
	4,010,213,093

Increase of expense in four years over seventy-two years, - - -	\$2,556,422,307
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Four brief but terrible years under the present Administratior will have consumed more than three times as much of the wealth, the labor, the taxes of the people as every other Administration of the Government put together from Washington to James Buchanan! Do you still say, in view of this startling fact, that there is no necessity for a change in our policy and in our rulers in order to save us

from utter overthrow? Are you still content that this rate of expenditure shall continue? How long can it continue? By the statistics furnished in the census of 1860, the value of the real and personal property of the entire United States, before war and destruction had assailed it, was \$12,084,660,005. Even admitting that it possesses the same value to-day, yet the debt is one-third of the whole amount. But every one will acknowledge that an assessment of the value of the property throughout the United States now would not show more than two-thirds of its former value. This would be about \$8,000,000,000. Of this sum the public debt, in a few months, will be more than one-half. Half the grain in the field; half the horses in their stalls; half the cattle in the pastures; half the hogs in the pens; half the land itself, every other acre, will stand mortgaged for the payment of a four years' dreadful experiment in the use of the sword, and the sword alone, in attempting a restoration of the Union. And even now, all over the land, the excisemen, the tax gatherers are swarming to enforce the foreclosure of this crushing and relentless mortgage. It is held by creditors who have iron hearts. There will be no grace given; no equity of redemption. Abolitionism is the principal holder; and then contracts and fraud hold the balance.

But allow me to make an application of this debt to that great State—a portion of whose people I represent on this floor. The assessed value of all the real and personal property of the people of Indiana in 1860 was \$411,042,424. The proportion of the Federal debt which will attach to that State June 30, 1865, will be \$285,980,519. It will, therefore, be seen that if three-fourths of everything which the citizens and property holders of Indiana possess was put up at auction and sold according to the appraisement of the census report, it would barely suffice to meet the demands which the Federal Government is making upon the wealth and industry of that State. I am aware that all this will fall idly upon the ears of those who are prolonging this war from motives of despotism and unhallowed gain; but I speak to-day for the farmer and the mechanic—for the laborer whose heart is filled with unselfish patriotism, and whose hands are unstained by plunder. I call upon that class to carefully estimate these burthens, for on their weary shoulders they are to be borne.

But again. I will be met here by the fact that the payment of the principal of the public debt will be postponed from one generation to another, and that like the people of England we will only be called upon for its interest. Taking even that unworthy view of the question let us see what will be the inevitable annual demands upon American labor in order to avoid open and acknowledged bankruptcy. This estimate I make upon the basis of peace, after this war shall have closed, and the utmost reduction made consistent with our alter-

ed condition. I challenge scrutiny into its substantial correctness:

Civil list,	\$8,500,000
Foreign intercourse.	2,500,000
Interior, pensions, Indians, etc.	20,669,000
War Department.	120,000,000
Navy Department.	25,000,000
Miscellaneous, lighthouses, building,	251,000,000
Interest on the public debt,	210,612,785
	\$411,612,785

Every one of the above items is put much lower than I candidly believe it will be, but even at these rates we find that each year of the darkened future, the Treasury Department will reach forth the hungry hand of revenue and seize upon the fruits of industry to the extent of four hundred and forty-one millions six hundred and twelve thousand, seven hundred and eighty-five dollars. And the payment of this vast sum leaves us as much in debt as before, for it pays not a dollar of the enormous principal. It is simply what must be annually paid to prevent instant repudiation. It constitutes the current expenses by which alone the Government is enabled to live from day to day.

How, then is this annual sum to be raised by the people? Taxes must be paid out of the earnings of the people, and not by the sale of their original possessions. Otherwise taxation becomes confiscation, and soon the citizen would have neither the means to supply revenue or to support life. If, what the laborer earns over and above his own livelihood is not sufficient to meet the claims of the tax-gatherer, then sales commence by which the Government sooner or later will become the sole owner of all the estate of its inhabitants. For annual payments you must have annual earnings. The above annual sum must be paid by a corresponding annual surplus earning in the hands of the people, after allowing them to supply their own wants and necessities.

Now let us turn to an estimate of annual earnings. The State valuations for taxable purposes in 1850 and 1860, according to an estimate made by the financial editor of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, furnish us the average annual earnings of the following States for that period of ten years, as follows:

California,	\$12,568,741
Connecticut,	10,566,994
Illinois,	29,269,472
Indiana,	30,214,097
Iowa,	11,221,101
Kansas,	2,500,000
Maine,	3,794,300
Massachusetts,	31,554,452
Michigan,	10,767,662
Minnesota,	3,000,000
New Hampshire,	6,413,284
New Jersey,	10,668,200
New York,	72,639,810
Ohio,	45,869,780
Oregon,	1,622,545
Pennsylvania,	57,281,101
Rhode Island,	4,734,543
Vermont,	1,308,668
Wisconsin,	15,426,882
	\$364,421,862

I have not taken into account the border slave States, as their situation is such as to defeat any calculation of their earnings, at least for some years to come. It will be seen therefore, that the annual amount which from this time forward must be paid into the Federal Treasury, exceeds by almost one hundred millions of dollars the total annual earnings of the nineteen free States, during a period of peace and unexampled prosperity. Under the present policy pursued towards the seceded States, a half a century will roll away before they will again assist the wealth of the country. Their whole system of productiveness is to be destroyed. Four millions of annual producers are to become idle and worthless consumers, and a vast Bureau is about to be erected by which the Government shall support the negro instead of the negro, as heretofore, assisting to support the government. Time will show that emancipation is the costliest feature of this war. Cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar, will perish, as means of revenue. The blow of the Executive which releases four millions of hands from profitable labor, imposes the task from which they are set free as producers on a similar number of white laborers. It does more. They are still consumers—they must be fed and they will not feed themselves. The President unconsciously uttered a philosophic truth when a year ago he said of free negroes: "They eat and nothing else." Nor can the negro be much blamed for accepting this easy life when an insane party tenders it to him, and lays the burden of labor from which he is liberated on the neck of the white man. A totally ruined and impoverished South, her property destroyed and her slaves set free, all simply means the annihilation of so many sources of national revenue, and the consequent enormous increased taxation in the North. Confiscation will not pay the expenses of its own machinery and execution. As a means of replenishing the Treasury it is not to be mentioned, except by madmen. All history bears testimony to the folly of thus attempting the liquidation of a public debt. It must be met and paid by the fruits of the soil produced by labor. And he who reduces the number of laborers North or South, white or black, in the same proportion multiplies the toils and sacrifices of those who yet remain.

Mr. Chairman, I need not pause to dwell upon the mathematical certainty of national and individual bankruptcy and ruin which the foregoing calculations so conclusively demonstrate. The humblest mind in the land will grasp the fatal result upon which we are hastening. But some superficial observer, intending too to further deceive the popular mind, will doubtless point to the surrounding appearances of general prosperity as an answer to this portion of my remarks. Money is flowing in boundless profusion. Unnatural prices are paid for everything. A meretricious splendor hails us upon the streets, at the

rout, the assembly, and the theatre. The nation seems fattening on blood and carnage. But this high feverish flush which we everywhere behold is not the genial warmth of health. It is the fierce hectic glow of a swift consumption. It is the herald of death, and points to the tomb. What we call money is not money, and the most gorgeous wealth has no value, because it is a prey to the monster debt. Frenchmen, more than a hundred years ago, dreamed of a fabulous fountain of prosperity, and located it in the valley of the Mississippi. The credit of the Mississippi company became the basis of an illimitable paper currency, and both the king and people of France hailed John Law, its founder, as the deliverer of their kingdom. It was treason to doubt the infallibility of his gigantic scheme of human credulity and folly, as it is now to doubt the wisdom and final success of our own financial department.

Bancroft, the historian, well portrays our own unhappy situation in describing this great delusion of the French:

"A government," he says, "which had almost absolute power of legislation, conspired to give the widest extension to what was called credit. Law might have regulated at his pleasure the interest of money, the value of stocks, and the price of labor and produce. The contest between paper and specie began to rage—the one buoyed up by despotic power, the other appealing to common sense.

\* \* \* Paper was made the legal tender in all payments. To win the little gold and silver that was hoarded by the humble classes small bills, as low even as ten livres, (a livre is about twenty cents) were put in circulation. \* \* \* When men are greatly in the wrong, especially when they have embarked their fortunes in their error, they wilfully resist light. So it has been with the French people; they remained faithful to the delusion till France was impoverished, public and private credit was subverted, the income of capitalists annihilated, and labor left without employment, while in the midst of the universal wretchedness of the middling class, a few war speculators gloried in their unjust acquisition and enjoyment of immense wealth."

At about the same period a similar frenzy was raging on the other side of the English channel, and British statesmen fancied they had found the magic alembic by which paper issued upon credit could be made to supply the uses of gold.

The trade of the South sea, was to pay the debt of England in twenty-seven years, and Sir John Blunt issued Government bonds on the faith of this fictitious wealth. Avarice and speculation instantly seized like twin furies upon the heart of the whole kingdom. The glittering beams of a false and deceptive prosperity gilded every present scene, and illuminated the future with the radiant smiles of hope. The British parliament resounded with high eulogiums upon the financial scheme which was so soon to release the hands of English industry from the galling manacles of debt. We are listening from day to day to similar speeches upon a similar subject as they are made on the other side of the cham-

ber, in defense of the Department of the Treasury. Yet woe and disaster followed the experiment of paper credit in England as well as in France; and Smollet, the historian, relates the fate of their projectors, from a study of which the architects of American ruin may accurately determine the destiny which hangs with certainty over their future:

"While at the moment a south sea director was scarcely safe in the streets from the vengeance of the populace. Law, the projector of the Mississippi bubble in France, was flying for his life from the people whom he had beggared."

Sir, in view of the experience of other nations, in view of reason and of facts, well may the Comptroller of the Treasury himself, catching the mutterings of the fearful rising storm, like the practiced mariner at sea, utter a cry of terrible warning. In a recent address he fully confirms the dark and dismal view which I have here advanced, of our financial condition. He says:

"Bear constantly in mind, although the loyal States appear superficially to be in a prosperous condition that such is not the fact. That while the Government is engaged in the suppression of a rebellion of unexampled fierceness and magnitude, and is constantly draining the country of its laboring and producing population, and diverting its mechanical industry from works of permanent value to the construction of implements of warfare; while cities are crowded and the country is to the same extent depleted, and waste and extravagance prevail as they never before prevailed in the United States, the nation, whatever may be the external indications, is not prospering."

Sir, I take leave of the question of the *general welfare*. The bitter hour of a people's bloody sweat and agonizing tears will soon be here. The mournful shadows of its funeral pall are already penetrating the once bright and abundant homes of virtuous labor. The spirit of oppression is omnipresent in the land, and like death and famine, none will escape the pangs which it inflicts. Let each eye which now beholds the sun take its last look at scenes of plenty and prosperity. Our fall from bounding wealth and unlimited resources to pinched and shrunken poverty and cowering bankruptcy, is as certain and as fatal under our present policy as the fall of Lucifer, the morning star, from heaven. And the exclamation of the laborer as he toils in a hopeless bondage to the public debt may well be as despairing as the anguish of the lost angel:

"Farewell happy fields,—  
Where joy forever dwells. Hail horrors, hail  
Infernal world, and thou, profoundest Hell,  
Receive thy new possessor."

And now, Mr. Chairman, what else remains? What portion of the Constitution can yet be found alive? What principle has been spared, preserved, or protected by the destroyers who rule the nation? Have they provided for the common defense against foreign powers? The Emperor of France tramples the Monroe doctrine disdainfully under his feet. He overthrows the Republic of Mexico, and on its

ruins erects an imperial despotism in immediate contact with our borders. A prince of the house of Hapsburg, trained in the courts of Austrian oppression, becomes our closest neighbor. Perhaps it is needless to complain of this near example of one-man power—this European head wearing a crown on North American soil. It will not be long if our present career is unchecked until the terms dictator, king and emperor, will be as familiar in Washington as in the palace of St. Cloud.

But sir, the saddest question embraced within the scope of my remarks, remains to be answered as I draw them to a close. Has the policy pursued for the last three years resulted in the formation of *a more perfect Union*?

No language that the tongue of man can utter would form so expressive an answer to such a question as a silent survey of the dreadful scene which lies before us. A gulf of blood and tears and all of human agony which the afflicted race of man can know this side of the dread abodes of the damned, divides the suffering and miserable sections of a once fraternal and contented people. Statesmen of Christian faith, imbued with the lofty spirit of Him who gave his blessing to the merciful, could again span this horrid chasm and bind together the torn and bleeding ligaments of the Union. But an evil star is raging in our sky, and under its malign power the legislation of the land appears as the frenzied, murderous, disjointed dreams of a madman in his cell. Such a penal code as now stands in the way of the return of the men, women, and children of the South to their allegiance, has no parallel in the annals of the human race. A thousand miles of gibbets with the dangling halter and the ready executioner; universal confiscation of property to the remotest period of an innocent posterity; the absolute extermination of a whole people and the appropriation of the depopulated country to the unsparing demands of a more than Norman conquest; the utter extinction of every vestige of our present form of government by States, all this and infinitely more is contained in the enactments which already stain the records of American legislation. But why need I dwell upon these evidences of disunion? The great leader of the Administration on this floor, the gentleman from Pennsylvania, [Mr. STEVENS,] has deliberately here announced after all our sacrifices, sorrows and loss, that the Union of our fathers is dead, and that he who attempts its resurrection is a criminal instead of a patriot. He goes further, and admits all the seceded States have ever claimed—their nationality. They have sought in vain in all the four quarters of the earth for recognition. They find it at last at the hands of those who speak for the Administration on this floor.

Sir, I deny this doctrine. I plant myself on the Constitution which recognizes an unbroken Union. I shall stand there in every vicissitude of fortune, and if I fall it will be

when the people themselves abandon their own Constitution. By the principles of this mighty instrument, I expect finally a restoration of the Union of the States. Every hour which the party of power prolongs its control of affairs, postpones the auspicious day, but as I behold the future, it will assuredly come. Material and indestructible interests unite every section except that which prospers on fanaticism. And I here to-day, in the spirit of one who expects and desires his posterity and theirs to live together in the ancient and honorable friendship of their fathers, warn the Southern people not to look forward to separation and independence, but to embrace every opportunity for co-operation with the Conservative men of the North, who will aid with their lives, if need be, to

secure them all their rights and institutions as free and equal citizens of the United States. If this be done, the approaching Presidential election will bring peace, Union, and liberty. But if the peaceful popular revolution of the ballot-box fails to produce these results, then darkness will settle upon the face of the deep, and the free institutions of America will exist only on the page of the future historian. Four years more of our present policy will leave the Republic an unshapen mass of ruins—a wreck more melancholy and hopeless than any that strew the pathway of ages. And here, in this fair young Western world, as in all former times, a despotism will arise from the shattered fragments of self-government, to which each succeeding generation shall pay the extorted tribute of its blood and toil.